GIN PALACES OF GOTHAM,

Old-Time Places For Liquid Encouragement Vividly Called to Mind.

DRINKING AT THE DELMONICOS

The Hoffman House and Ned Stokes-An Art Gallery in a Cocktail Headquarters-Broad. way Boozing.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1897 .- The opening of a magnificently furnished cafe on the ground floor of the Casino, and the public attention drawn thereto, suggests the oddity of there being a fashion even in the eating and drinking of the metrop-

No need to discuss the morale. That is fought both sides the line, and victory will ultimately perch on the proper banner during the millennial

period, I doubt not. We take things as we find them, and we find them in a period of ten years like the drinks dispensed, very much mixed. The gaudiness and ostentatious display of to-day is in marked contrast to the affectation of simplicity a few years ago, when the English chop-house and the English tap-room were models for metropolitan caterers. It would be folly to imagine for an instant, and would insure derisive laughter if it were made the subject for serious argument, that the liquors sold in palatial cafes are necessarily of better quality than those sold in less preten-

NEAR FULTON FERRY,

tious bar-rooms.

on South street, are several bar-rooms, with sanded floors, plain oak counters and massive spittoons, where plain glass bottles and thick tumblers are utilized by men between the hours of 12 at night and 2 in the morning, who know what good liquor is. These places are utilized by such men because they have found by experience that the whisky and the brandy and the gin are the best that can be procured for money, while on a conspicuous corner of Broadway in a saloon that is ornamented and decorated at enormous eost, dudes and other idiots drink liquor that burns from the moment it passes the lips until it loses its virility by wrestling with the stomachic coat. In the lower part of the city-that is, along the river fronts-are innumerable places known, in the slang of the day, as gin-mills, where longshoremen, sailors, stevedores and others who prefer their fluids, hot and biting, drink alleged whisky and brandy by the tumblerful at a gulp, and pay from three to five cents therefor, and there are other places, worse than these, where liquors and beers of various make are intentionally drugged that their drinkers may be made stupid and fall easily a prey to the abandoned of both sexes who live there and thereabouts.

In some sections fashion has not changed for many years.

The same dirt, the same squalor, the same uncanny look, the same dust, the same grade of infamous surroundings have been there as long as the memory of the present man can touch. TWENTY YEARS AGO

everything was as plain as a pikestaff. I mean that twenty years ago the fashionable drinking saloons of New York were without tessilated pavements. No pictures hung upon the walls; the ceiling was a plain white; they were lighted by ordinary chandeliers. One or two tables possibly stood about the place, a very few plain chairs a file or so of papers. but no fancy work, no gewgaws. Men walked in, stood at the counter, ordered, drank, paid, left. Others sat at the little tables, read the paper, discussed with their friends, but there was nothing there attract attention except the bottles be hind the par and the appetite beneath the

Delmonico was the first to introduce anything like spaciousness down town.

When Bowen & Macname, the celebrated anti-slavery house, moved from their store opposite Trinity church yard, on the ground of which now stands the new portions of the Equitable's magnificent edifice, Delmonico moved from the corner of Chambers street and Broadway to that location. He took the entire building, put his kitchen on the top floor. transformed the various lofts into diningrooms, and utilized the lower floor as a cafe, lunch counter and barroom. But even there there wasn't the faintest ap pearance of decoration nor the slight-est pretence of elaborate show. It was, as all Delmonico's places are, large, convenient, accessible, with an affectation of simplicity indeed.

a step leading up to a yery significant change in the Astor house, where the vast space known as the rotunda, which, in olden times was used for various pur-poses, was divided into a series of lunch counters, two in the, so to speak, center, two at the north, two at the south, with an enormous bar, stretching along the western side. One speaks of the Astor house as he would of the sun, or the moon or the stars. There is no such thing as advertising it. It exists, unique. It is the common center, between the hours of 11 and 3 where all sorts and conditions of humanity meet, where transactions, running from the purchase of a doughnut, to the sale of a railroad are as common as peas in a pod. Its old time managers adheted to the old-time form, but Allen & Dam changed all that and introduced a superbly frescoed ceiling, tinted walls, and a bar, the elaborate furnishing of which was long a theme for paragraphs in the news. a theme for paragraphs in the news-papers and conversation among its patrons. The next great step was taken

by Reed & Stokes in the Hoffman house. That doesn't bring us down to the present period by any manuer of means, but it was the first step in a direction which seems to have turned

which seems to have turned

THE WHOLE TOWN MAD.

Without absolute knowledge on the subject, there is reason to believe that the Hoffman house cafe, which is a combination of restaurant, bar-room, picture gallery and museum, cost, with its adornments, bewilderments and oddities, not far from \$100,000. Its pictures are known throughout the world of art. In fact, they constitute a gallery of itself worth the study and careful, patient investigation of the most ardent lover of brush and pencil, of chisel and of mallet. Its tables, many of them I should say, quite forty or lifty, of solid mahogany. Its bar is a triumph of architectural beauty. The hangings upon the wall, the tapestries, the collection of curious armors, the models of boats, the strange medley that confronts one on every band, together confronts one on every hand, together constitute one of the sights of the city, where men take ladies on tours of inspec where he take ladies on tours of inspec-tion, as they would to the "Statue of Liberty," to Trinity church, or to High bridge. The success of Delmonico's down town found an em-phasized parallel in that of the Astor house, as it finds a worthy combination in the success of the Hoffman. As in the in the success of the Hoffman. As in the Astor house, one can meet journalists, judges, lawyers, ministers, priests, rabbis, teachers, brokers, bankers, politicians, so, circling from the Broadway entrance, along the marble hall, around into the cafe and out upon Twenty-fourth street, defiles from four in the afternoon until four in the following morning, in the Hoffman house, a procession including THE NOTED MEN OF THE COUNTRY IS Well as of the city. Men whose classes

perhaps are somewhat more varied than those in the Astor house, inasmuch as the the Hoffman is utilized by theatrical peo-ple of various grades, of sports of all sorts and name, in addition to the ordi-nary ranges of humanity of whom I spoke above.

The conveniences.
In olden times, twenty years ago, if a guest in any restaurant, cafe, or barroom of the city wanted to send a telegram, it was necessary for him to carry it himself, or secure, haphazard, the services of an employe. How is it to-day?

Why, in every hotel of consequence, in every bar-room of any pretension whatever, you find messenger boxes by which you can summon service-at moderate rates, while in the Astor, Hoffman and other noted rendezvous the continuous click of the telegraph key and the fre-quent hello! hello! of the telephone answer for themselves this question. What are the conveniences? You call your earriage, you send your letter, you wire your dispatch, you do a multitude of trilling acts which, crowded together, give so much more life, so much more achievement to one's existence, than was enjoyed or could by any possibility have been enjoyed by the generation preceding us.

VISITING THE BAR. Just for the fun of it come with me to the Hoffman house. At the left as you enter is the telegraph office, where pretty-faced girls out intelligent heads and nimble lingers at work at your direction, where instant communication with cables that stretch from shore to shore can be had, where messenger boys can be sum-moned at the instant. On the right a cigar stand, beyond it what is virtually a book store, for you can get there any periodical published on the face of the earth, with card writer, stenographer and type writer at your hand. Passing the office, turning to the left, you scent the sweet perfume from a display un-equaled of choice flowers. Bootblacks in uniform await your order. A weigh-ing machine stands ready to take your nickel and give your avoirdupois. A nickel-plated model of a Fall River steamboat will puff its smoke and whirl its wheels in response to a nickel deposited. Oysters at the left, a free lunch at the right, amaze of bewilderments, produced by the happily combined efforts of art and science, confront you. Fictures that have cost from a thousand to twenty thousand hang upon the walls, and there, as I said, are this hundred thousand dollars' worth of eye-attracting, soul-satisfying,

BODY RESTING BEAUTIES. You wish to see the governor. There he sits. You want to meet the speaker. There ne stands. Senators and assem-blymen, judges and sheriffs, aldermen and boodlers, representatives of every newspapers in the metropolis and of newspapers in the metropolis and of every great newspaper the country round about are there. Maurice Bern-hardt, son of the famous Sarah, stands before me. Tail, slender, black-haired, black-eyed, something like his mother in appearance, probably more like his father. A group of managers—Henry E. Abbey, of Patti and Bernhardt fame, sits at a table, where are with him John Stetat a table, where are with him John Stet-son, the millionaire proprietor of the Globe theatre in Boston and the lifth Avenue theatre in New York; John McCaull, well known upon the circuit; Maurice Grau, courtly nephew of his courtly uncle, Jacob; John B. Schoeffel, Abbey's partner in the management of the Park theatre, Boston; Nat ment of the Park theatre, Boston; Nat Goodwin, who is as anxious to get away from the Bijou opera house managers are to hold him; Al Hayman, manager from San Francisco; the white haired Nestor from Chicago, Mr. McVicker, and his near neighbor, Uncle Dick Hooley. Night after night, from 10 until 2, there can be found in that place men of affairs from the country to the sea—Buffalo Bill, with his long hair; Steel Mackaye, with his grave face; Tody Hamilton, Barnum's fertile eulogizer; correspondents repre-senting the great journals of the east and west; actors who have hurried from the theatres; newspaper writers on their way home; politicians just in from Albany; congressmen at home or visitors from abroad; every man of distinction who is stopping in the city for a day or so. The whole metropolitan panorama passes that way every day. And it is a type. As it is the largest and most expensive, it is the best known; but there are others in the city which, following

the lead set by NED STOKES and his partner, are in their ways quite as attractive and more cosy, where the procession is not so lone, where the pan-orama is less diversified, where there is not so much of the ongoing of the world's exterior. There is one immediately op posite Wallack's theatre—white outside white inside, with a curiously mosaicized floor, looking like a pudding stone and congregation of little pieces of marble, and so one, where a new style of buffet bar is in vogue, and, by the way, this may be said to be the latest wrinkle. There is one in A. T. Stewart's marble building, corner of Chambers street and Broadway, and another in the Potter building, corner of Park Row and Beekman street, where there is no opportu nity, where there is no bar against which to lean or over which to stand and argue. One side of the room is occupied by a buffet with a sort of bellied center. In front of this, not behind it, stand the bar-keepers, and the cuestions of the control of the control of the control of the control of the cuestions. and the guests or customers give their orders, without opportunity for conver-sation or discussion, and where you are expected to order what you want, take it, pay for it and leave; but in addition to this of which I speak, opposite Wal-lack's there are half dozen, variously sit-uated on Broadway and adjacent streets, where the elaborate ornamentation introduced in the Hoffman house is followed, to a greater or less degree.

RUNNING UP IN COST to several thousand dollars each. And this at a time when the legislature of the state is in the very threes of dis-putation as to a high license law, and when the temperance orators are burn ishing up their honors, and the prohibi tion phalanx is preparing to carry war into the very heart of their enemy.

Is drinking on the decline? On the contrary there never was a time in my experience when daily drinking was so universally a habit as now. Old was so universally a habit as now. Old men and young men drink, and, worse, boys of tender years follow their exam-ple. Brokers drink because they are ex-cited; dry goods dealers drink because trade is dull; all manner of excuses are made by people who need make none, and fortunes are coined by men whose mental faculty is sharpened to the point of appreciation of the fact that appetite is stronger than principle and some of is stronger than principle, and some of the most palatial residences in this city are owned by individuals who, twenty years ago, were barkeepers in other peo-ple's saloons, but upon whom the tide of fortune flooded as soon as they opened places of their own. Our chief streets are lined with saloons of the gorgeous type I have referred to, and certain localities, which a few brief years ago were recog-nized as our choicest streets for residendences, are now transformed into thoroughfares lined on either side by alleged restaurants, which are in reality simply a style of private bar-room, with supper room attached. Twenty-third street is a conspicuous illustration of this. From Broadway over to Seventh avenue almost every house, formerly occupied by well-known citizens, is transformed into a more or less respectable resort, where drinking by both sexes is the order of the day and revelry the disorder of the night.

London papers tell of a spaniel which saved the life of a cat. The owner of both decided to drown the cat, and threw it into a river. The dog rescued tabby, and the man threw her in again. This time the spaniel took the cat to the other shore.

FARM TALKING IN FRANCE.

American Agriculture Made a Prominent Subject of Debate.

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL PARIS

Henri Rochefort's Pen of Gall-War Rumors and Speculation-A Ball Without a "Fainting Spell,"

Paris, March 4 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Free-thinking Henri Rochefort has not let the Riviera earthquake go by without finding in this disaster materials for an attack on his bete noire, the church. He entitles his Intransigeant editorial "The Finger of Providence," and asks at the start how it happens that the clergy do not attribute this natural catastrophe to divine wrath. He, of course, answers his own question in the next paragraph. "Because the churches have suffered more than other editices The first person to receive a fatal blow in this cataclysm was a sister, who, like the unfortunate woman of the bible, was stoned to death." In a post scriptum the merciless priest-hater calls attention to the chapel at Bajardo, whose roof fell in and buried beneath its rains 300 worshippers, and adds: "What a lugubrious corroboration of what I have just written.'

It is only in the midst of a bitter contest between church and state like that now waging in France that such arms are used. But it must be said in fairness to the fiery editor of the Intransigeant that it is not he who throws the first stone. Take for instance this silly tirad. against modern science that appeared in recent number of the Ultramontaine Univers, which holds the same position in the French religious press that the Intransigeant does in the republican press, namely, at one of the extremes.

The other day in the chamber of deputies, M.Pelletan showed conclusively that the crisis through which French agri-culture is now passing is due, not to the competition of foreigners, but to the oldfashioned modes of cultivation and to the fashioned modes of cultivation and to the imperfect means of transportation that prevail in this country. "Look at what they are doing on the other side of the Atlantic," exclaims M. Pelletan; "I take one of the old western states, Illinois. How has its prodigious agricultural wealth been acquired? Not through emigration, since there are only 400,000 farmers for 275,000 farms in that state farmers for 275,000 farms in that state. Nor are the highways so fine as ours, or the railroads so con-tiguous. You will say that it is attributable to the fecundity of the soil. But this is only a partial explanation of the phenomenon. No; the real reason is that while we cling to antiquated cus-

toms, antiquated faws and antiquated implements; while our scientific agriculturists teach us that for a farm of about forty-five acres five hands are necessary and extra ones besides during harvesttime, in America two men cultivate a much larger area of ground, steam and machinery have been bent to the work. Sowing and reaping have been revolu-tionized, and mechanical contrivances that we know nothing about have been brought into play for the handling and transportation of grain.
"And just think of the distances that

American corn is carried. Although raised in the center of the continent, it is sold on the seaboard. What would say our farmers in the neighborhood of Dunkirk, if their market were at Barcelona, Spain? And yet Chicago is about as far as that from the Atlantic.

"Here then are the advantages that the United States have over us in this matter of agriculture; they enjoy genuine democratic institutions, they have per-fected their mechanical methods and they have forced the railroads to serve public interests, and not exclusively those of the stockholders. Why cannot we imitate America in some of these respects? There will be found the remedy for the present evil and not in a resort to

M. Pelletan's speech reminds me of a discussion that I once listened to on the top of a stage coach in the south of Frence. The driver was defending the reaping methods practised in his region against the attacks of a farmer from the neighborhood of Toulouse. It appeared that, in the first instance, the custom was to seize the standing grain with the left hand and cut it with a sickle, while the Toulousene improvement thereon was the employment of the cradle! What a revelation will M. Pelletan's speech be to these men, if they chance to read it, and how their conversation shows the cor-

rectness of his views.

Although the French may have something to learn from us in the department of agricultural machinery, they are unquestionably our masters in the culinary art. The truth of this assertion must be admitted after a moment's glance around the tables in the pavilion of the city of Paris where is now being held the fifth annual exhibition of the Society of French cooks.

This exhibition evidences in many ways the high esteem in which gastro-nomy is held in France. Its honorary president is no less a personage than the ministery of commerce and industry. Imagine a member of President Cleve land's cabinet patronizing such an enter-prise! Why, he would surely be im-peached, if not by the senate, at least by public opinion.

In the catalogue of the exhibition the cooks often give the name of their mas-ter, especially if he is known in public or is a member of the nobility. And they, of course, do this with the tacit consent of these same masters, for in France a good kitchen counts for more than a fine house. So we find M. Scheinbenbagen announcing that he presides over the kettles and saucepans of the Baron Tos-sirza, while M. Avalard fills the same office at the Count de Grammont's. M Achille Ozanne, the editor of the organ of the society, a bi-monthly entitled L'Art Culinaire, is always ready to inform you that he was once the chef of his majesty the king of Greece. M. Ozanne is also famous, by the way, as the author of a receipt for American lobster salad, writ-ten in verse, with a prologue. But I am told that the rhyme of the receipt is far inferior to the flavor of the salad.

The society does its utmost to encourage excellence. The catalogue of this exhibition gives a long list of "laureates" who have carried off grand prizes and medals of honor, second prizes and third prizes. The rules governing the admission of exposers are as precise and strin-gent as those of a world's fair. Some of them may, however, provoke a smile. This one, for example: "Every inedited dish must be accompanied by the receipt thereof."

The marked attention paid to the apprentices—for in France cooking is even a more serious study than medicine with us—is very significant and goes far to ex-plain why the French chet is facile prinplain why the French chet is facile prin-ceps the world over. Thus, these bud-ding cordons bleus have a whole table to themselves, and if, turning from the mag-nificent productions of their elders, you find a falling off in imagination and ex-ecution in these maiden efforts, still you are easily convinced that you see before you the handiwork of more than one future Vatel. future Vatel.

At the Elysee ball the other night, the cooks were kept busy, for, although M. Grevey sent out only half as many invi-

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PAPERS

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tations this year as last, the parlors were crowded, and especially the refreshment room, where scenes are often witnessed that remind you of what occurred at a recent party at the Chinese minister's

in Washington.

Nobody fainted this season in the presidential ball room, but it was impossible, as of yore, to dance "the glide," for lack of space, and the "bop waltz" was rendered difficult hecause the couples were glued to the floor by side pressure. "I never saw such squeezing," remarked an ancient maiden lady to her charge. "But it wasn't my partner's fault," answered

the young girl naively. The venerable host seemed more satisfied with his entertainment than many of his crumpled and panting guests. President Grevy appeared strong and well, although his gait is beginning to show the advance of years. I venture to predict, however, that he will live out his term. So Messrs Jules Ferry, de Freycinet, Henri Brisson, et al., must be philosophically patient until 1893, or abanden the desire to suppose the present in don the desire to succeed the present in-cumbent. M. Grevy may even survive them all, a pleasant prospect for M. Daniel Wilson, the president's shrewd son-in-law, who not only resides at the Elysee Palace, but—if we believe the quidnuncs—rules there, too.

One of M. Grevy's ministers, M. Flourens, who presides over the foreign of-fice, is just now the object of a good deal of political criticism, for the Blowitz-Flourens-Boulanger imbroglio is still the talk of the cafes and newspaper offices. That the Times correspondent and min-ister of war should be in hot water again ister of war should be in not water again
is not surprising, for it is their
normal condition. But that
the minister of foreign affairs,
whom nobody had ever heard of until M.
Goblet unearthed him a few weeks ago,

and whom nobody will probably ever hear of again when this morbund cabinet finally expires, as it must very soon-that M. Flourens should have done anything worth talking about, astonishes even his friends. And now that M de Blowitz has told the whole story, it appears in-deed that not monsieur but madame, not the minister but his wife, is the cause of the present tempest in a tea-pot. Here is the present tempest in a tea-pot. Here is the tale briefly told: De Blowitz tele-graphs the Times that Boulanger, with-out consulting his colleagues, sent a let-ter to the Russian minister of war. Thereupon the government and General Boulanger deny the allegation of the Times correspondent, and de Blowitz, driven into a corner, boldly declares, to the consternation of the Flourens homecircle, that the wife of the minister of foreign affairs told the daughter of the German ambassador at Haris, the statement which appeared in the London Times. Cherchez la femme,

say the French. But who would have imagined to find in this instance that the marplot was the wife of Boulanger's col-league! The Intransigeant is terribly severe on poor Mme. Flourens, calling her "a Catherine III.," Catherine II., it will be remembered, having conspired against her husband.

There is some talk of making M. lourers a senator. "The only danger Flourens a senator. "The only danger is," says Henri Rochefort, whose piquant comments in current events seem to be at the head as well as at the tail of this rambling letter, "that the voters may be captivated by the cunning Mme. Flourens and send the wife up to the Luxembourg instead of the husband." But this would not be so grave a blunder as might be imaged, for what would be the husband's loss would be the senate's PLAISANCE.

BLOOD AND IRON.

Wallace P. Reed in the Atlanta Constitution,

John Blair came to a sudden halt in the middle of the road.

"Shall I go on to Bethel church?" he asked, or loaf about in the sunshine?" Although there was no one in sight, he spoke aloud. "What do I care for old Parson Dry-

man?" he continued. "He has frightened all these timid fools so that they have turned hypocrites to escape the wrath to come. Well, I'll take my chances." Sturdy, broad-shouldered, with a bullet head, a square face, massive jaws, a resolute mouth and cold gray eyes, John Blair looked the very incarnation of strength and courage.

He stood still a moment and glanced

up and down the narrow country road as it meandered through the brown and barren fields and rocky woodlands until it lost itself in the red hills. The dilapidated rati fence by the way-side attracted his attention.

"Just like neighbor Morris," he said with a grim smile. "Dick is a foot, of course, and with such land as that he couldn't do much, but he could do better. Look at my place. It was almost as bad, but I have turned it into a garden

John Blair leaned over the rotting fence and critically surveyed the land-scape. The patches of half cleared land visible in the stunted forests on the rocky

hillside did not promise much.

"As I am not going to old Bethel," said
Biair, "I'll do a little exploring."

He cautiously climbed the fence and

rection of the hills.

Two hours later John Blair struggled up out of a ravine with a brown lump in his hand. His face was white as a sheet, and his eyes blazed with excitement. He swung his hat around his head. "Gold! Gold! Gold!" he shouted.

Then with a scared look he eronched down in the grass, still holding the brown "What a fool I am!" he whispered.
"But nobody heard me. It is Sunday,
and my good neighbor Morris is at
church."

He pulled out his knife, and with the stout blade chipped off a few pieces from his mysterious lump. These he examined

"I was right," he almost gasped, with a sigh of relief. "This is iron and nothing else. My mining days in Pennsylvania taught me something. I know good ore when I see it."

Taking the specimens in both hands he threw it with all his force against a rock and broke it. He scrutinized the fragand broke it. He scrutinized the frag-

ments.
"It is iron," he repeated, "and that means gold. Yes, gold!" he exclaimed, again giving away to his excitement.

Blair surang to his feet and looked about him. There was no one to be seen. Gathering up the pieces of his specimen he walked rapidly down to a little creek at the foot of the hill and threw them into the water.

II.

Dick Morris thought that his luck had

offer for his farm.
There was very little haggling over terms. Morris was glad to get anything, and when he carried home a thousand dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces, Mrs. Morris and the three tow-headed child-ren were so much agitated that their first impulse was to sit up all night. finally compromised by going to bed and remaining wide awake until daylight. The Morrises packed up their house-hold goods and lost no time in transferring themselves to the west. They were glad to leave the old red hills where they had known nothing but poverty and toil Honest Dick Morris felt some compunetions of conscience, although he could not see where he was to blame, and be-fore his departure he hunted up John

'Now, John," said he, apologetically, 'I hope you are satisfied with the trade "Oh, it will do," answered Blair, puffing away at his cob pipe.
You know I never bragged about the

place, but then you know it as well as I do or better." "Just so," assented Blair, shortly, "I "The other took his hand, and looking

down at the ground, said: "Good-bye, Morris. Take my advice, and stick to the west. There is a chance there for you. There is none here, as you know. As for myself, I am a good worker, and can make a living where you would fail."

They parted good friends, and the They parted good friends, and the Morrises started on their western trip.
"I can't help feeling sorry for Blair," said Dick to his wife. "He was always so offish that I never knew what a good fellow he was until we got to trading. When we get settled and begin to prosper, I shall try to persuade him to come out and join us.

And Dick felt the weighty money belt around his waist, and beamed all over with good nature and gratitude.

The growth of Ironboro was almost magical. In the region around it nothing like it had ever been known. When Blair found that big brown lump

he had found a fortune. Blair was no ordinary farmer. He had a head for affairs. He organized a com-pany and controlled it. Capital was obtained, and he controlted that too. was so strong-willed and clear-headed that few men were his match. They recognized his gift of leadership, and yielded to him.

So Ironboro was laid out. A railroad was built from it to one of the main transportation lines. Furnaces, rolling mills, steel works and kindred industries were soon in full blast. Statefy struc-tures of granite and brick were erected. In five years Ironboro was a flourishing little city. In ten years it was an impor-tant industrial center. In fitteen years it was generally spoken of as a me-

So much prosperity had its natur effect upon John Blair. The iron king, as he was called, had always been cold and unsympathetic, and his success did not change him for the better.

'The proudest man that ever stepped.' said one of his acquaintances in speak-ing of him, and his appearance justified

If John Blair loved anybody it was his daughter, a beautiful girl just bloom-ing into bellehood. She was motherless, and perhaps this had something to do with her father's tenderness.

It was to dream of his daughter and plan a birthday surprise for her that the millionaire took a stroll on a quiet Sab-bath morning in the suburbs of Ironboro. He answered the salutations of his fel-

started with a swinging stride in the di- low-townsmen with a curt nod and proceeded on his way. He could not afford to shake hands with any human creature unless he represented a cool million at the very least. On and still onward the rich man

walked, until he was out of sight of towers and steeples and mansard roofs. But the unusual exercise fatigued him and finally he threw himself upon a mosscovered rock in a shady covert and gave himself up to his thoughts.

"Jennie would like this," he said, "I must bring her out here. The very place for a summer resort."

Then he thought of his daughter's birthday, and his hard face softened. What was that? It seemed like a stealthy step in the bushes.

Blair glanced around him. His keen gray eyes had their old eagle like range, and they took in everything.
"It was something," he said as he reclined on his elbow, and proceeded to build more air-castles for Jennie and himself.

imself.

W. H. Dalton, of Palatka, Fla., has a Mal-Another rustle among the dead leave stess cat that is twenty-two years old. The Vas it somebody or was it an animal. Cat is too deaf to be a successful mouser, but isn't slow in getting around when a rat is Another rustle among the dead reave was it somebody or was it an animal. The loneliness of the place put Blair on his guard. He was absolutely fearless, but as the Iron King, he felt that it was his duty to take care of himself. His apprehensions however, if he had any, van-ished when he saw a gray-haired, feeble-looking man, in tattered garments, emerge from the depths of the forest and stand before him.

The newcomer paused and looked Blair steadily in the face. 'Move on!" commanded the latter.

The tramp did not sur. His thin, yel-low face bore the lines of care and suffering, and his garb showed that he had traveled far, and had been exposed to all 'This is no place for tramps,' said Blair coldly, "you must move on,"
"John Blair!"

The millionaire started. "What do you mean by addressing me in that way?" he shouted, "Leave at

once."
"John Blair, have you forgotten me?"
The other looked steadily at the man a

"I do not know you," was his reply.
"I am Dick Morris."
Blair assumed a sitting posture and grasped his walking stick with a firm

"Well," he remarked carelessly, "you seem to have had a rough tussle with the world. Such is life. Some go up and some go down. I have gone up."

Morris remained silent, and his im-

passive face expressed no emotion,
"But you should have stuck to the west,
Dick. Ha! ha! A great country is the west. There was room for you out there. I am surprised to see you back here."
"John Blair," replied Morris, "if my

appearance surprises you, what do you think my surprise must be? I left this place a wilderness. I find it a great city."
"Just so, Dick. It is a great city. And I have made it. I own most of it. I own most of the men and women in it. Why, Dick, those afrelings over there, whether they wear broadcloth or jeans, are my slaves. They run at my beck and call. They bask in my smile, and are wretched when I frown. The Lord has been good to me, old fellow."

'And what has made you so rich?' asked Morris, fiercely."
"Brains, friend Morris; brains and hard "Why not say robbery?"

"See here, Dick Morris, you must take yourself off, growled the Iron

"But it was robbery," was the answer.
"I know the whole story. You too advantage of my ignorance and stupidity.
You prowled about on my land, and displayed to a study of the state of the You prowled about on my land, and discovered iron. Then you stuffed me with western fables, bought my property for a song, and persuaded me to try my luck beyond the Mississippi. I took your advice. I went. The land swindlers got most of my money. I toiled hopelessly with my wife and children year after year, but to no purpose. The deadly swamp fever carried off my family one by one, and left me the wreck of my former self. I tramped it all the way former self. I tramped it all the way here, and what have I found? Happiness and wealth that should have been mine I find centered in you."

Blair rose to his feet. His face had re-

sumed its every day hard look. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked. "The law is on my side." "The law!" succred Morris. "What is the law worth when you have an utterly desperate man to deal with?" The millionaire turned pale. What was the law worth in such a case? He

grasped his stick more firmly.
"Did you follow me here?" he asked.
"I did!"

"And your object?"

"To kill you!"
Blair raised his stick. Morris stepped back and drew a pistol.
"Hold, my friend," said the threatened

man, "you do not mean to say that be-cause I got the best of you in a trade you are going to murder me? The iron is "And your blood is mine," cried Mor ris, cocking his pistol.

For God sake, Morris, stop! We can

make some arrangement. Think of my daughter?"
"Your daughter, you robbe-"
was my daughter's fate?"

With the desperate fury of a brave man at bay, Blair rushed forward with uplifted stick.

uplifted stick.

A sparp report rang out, and the iron king fell heavily to the ground with a bullet through his brain.

Blair's fate had a mystery connected with it that the Ironboro detective could not unravel. A pistol was found by the dead man's side. Was it murder or suicide? The disappearance of an unknown tramp gave color to the murder theory, but the fact that the dead had not been robbed made it doubtful. The truth was not known till months later, when a dynot known till months later, when a dying tramp in a hospital in a distant city told the story of the crime. He expressed no regrets, and with his last breath exclaimed:

"I had to take his life to get even. It took his blood to pay for my iron!"

SOME ANIMAL STORIES

near by.

The Miles City Journal gives currency to a rumor that a band of sheep recently snowed in survived two weeks and grew fat feeding on one another's fleece. In a great storm of snow and sleet recently in England the wings of rooks froze fast to their bodies, and hundreds of the birds were killed by falling trees, being unable to fly.

The janitor of the court house at Quitmore, Ga., has a pet in a big white rat. The other day a large common rat was turned into the room with the white one, and they got into a desperate fight. The white one finally gained the victory.

Deer are abundant in Calaveras county. Cal. A herd of twenty-six came down to a settler's capin the other day, and he shot five of them without going twenty feet from his door. Two miners on snow shoes, going through the woods, came upon a fine doe and ran her down in the deep snow.

Jacob Smith, of Perrysville, Ky., missed

Jacob Smith, of Perrysville, Ky., missed his horse one day recently, and was highly incensed against the animal, which had a propensity for straying. Mr. Smith was pro-pitiated, however, when the horse returned after an absence of twelve hours, carrying in his mouth a pocketbook containing \$5.

As Aaron True, of Clark, was going through the woods the other day, accompanied by his dog, which is part collie, part Newfoundland, he came suddenly upon a big gray wolf. The dog at once tackled the beast and for half an hour the battle raged, but finally the dog got a throat-hold and strangled the wolf.

A year ago Charles Johnson, of Griffin, Ga, bought a jet black kitten and gave it to his children for a pet. One day it disappeared, and when Mr. Johnson found it, weeks afterwards, it had turned perfectly gray. The change in the color of the cat's hair is supposed to have been caused by grief at its separation from the children. C. P. Marshall, of Perry, Ga., shut up nis C. P. Marshall, of Perry, Ga., shut up his cat in the dining room one afternoon last week and went into the library to take a nap. Half an hour afterward he was surprised to find Tom purring away on the sofa beside him. The cat had climbed up the dining room chimney, walked across the roof and descended through the other chimney into the library.

The great tit, the enemy of the beekeeper, not only picks up the dead bees in winter, but invites live ones out by pecking at the mouths of the hives. He secures many by this ruse, but in an English town a trap was set for the great tit, and caught him by the leg, when at once a number of bees rushed out and stung him round the beak and eyes, and in exactly four minutes he was dead.

Mrs. William Bailey, of Ripley, Pa., went the other morning to milk her cow, a very valuable thorougnbred, and was gone so long that her husband went to see what was the matter. He found the cow standing over the dead body of his wife, whom she had gored to death, and when he undertook to remove the body the mad animal attacked him, and but for the arrival of neighbors we the out for the arrival of neighbors would have

killed him also. Forty-nine years ago the father of Harrison Gilbert, of Chili, Ill., bought a two-year-old pony from the Indians. When the war of the rebellion began the pony was twenty-five years old, but Mr. Gilbert rode him aff through the war, and neither was hurt. The old fellow still lives, tenderly cared for. He hasn't a tooth in his head, lives on corn-bread and bran mash, and is probably the oldest horse in America, if not in the world.

Mrs. Lemuel Clute, of Ionia, Mich., was attacked last week by a large Plymouth Rock rooster, which flew at her, knocked her down, and followed up his unexpected attack with bill and claws. Her screams alarmed the hired help, who came to the rescue with a pail of water and stove-hook, and, after thoroughly soaking the bird with the water and beating his head to a jelly with the stove hook. Mrs. Clute was rescued, but her injuries will confine her to the house for several weeks.

On a pedestal near the gate of the Cincin nati zoolo ical gardens there recently stood the stuffed figure of a donkey which, when alive, withstood the attacks of a lion and beat flim off. The lion, it seems, had broken out of his care and escaped to a wood near by. On a grassy hillock alicolning a donkey aly stretched in placid slumber—a slumber that was rudely disturbed by the lion, who, in a few bounds was upon him. When the donkey felt the great mass of flesh descend upon him as if from the clouds he was stunned and indignant, but not frightened, perhaps, because he had never read any of the wonderful stories about the flon. He quickly recovered from the blow, and, rising, shot out both hind feet at the same time, and can hit the lion squarely in the forehead. Badly hurt, the inon skulked off, and later the donkey died of the wound he received at the obset.